on the 23d of September, at 2 a.m., Washington mean time, the sun will enter Libra, and the tropical autumn will begin.

CRIME IN ENGLAND.

The Corrupting Influence of Cheap, Trashy Literature on the Young.

Mr. Hogan usefully drew the attention of

the home secretary yesterday to the crim-

inal literature question, though he asked

for a little too much. He was quite right

to ir quire whether some effort might not

be made to check the circulation of so-

called "literature" of "a grossly demoraliz-

ing and corrupting character among the

young." But he went too far when he asked whether Sir M. White Ridiey did

not see his way to "arm some responsible

authority with supervising powers in this

they can but make the houses that they enter even filthier than before, while taking

ace of the working class.

From the Boston Traveler.

girl in the whole town?

HE WAS EXPERIENCED.

and His Wife Wished to Thank the

What wonder that Harold Hustleton was

proud and happy. Had he not won the

heart and hand of the fairest and loveliest

Harold could scarcely believe in his good

luck. And as he sat by her side and

watched the evening star glimmering

faintly above the orange flush which marked where the sun had sunk behind the

hills he felt moved to ask her the four-

teenth question of the Lover's Catechism, I. e., "How had it happened that she had chosen him out of all the men in her wide

circle of acquaintances to be responsible for

My Lady.

The streets that were so dull and dark Are bright and fresh today; The air, once hot and dusty, Is sweet as new-mown hay.

An Easy Way Out.

a creditor, all for a little bill of \$2.50?"
"I would pay it."
"Thank you, old man—thank you hadn't thought of that!"

"What would you do if you were bounded and boned and dunned and threatened by

The country has no beauty now, The city holds the crown; And this because My Lady Once more has come to town.

m the Chicago Record.

Girl Who Broke Him In.

From the St. James Gazette.

# **VISIT TO NORTHFIELD**

A Round of Summer Conventions Devoted to Bible Study.

# MR. MOODY THE ANIMATING SPIRIT

Characteristic Scenes Where Christian Workers Love to Gather.

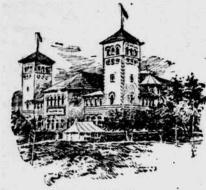
INTERESTING STUDENTS

NORTHFIELD, Mass., August 29, 1895.



tical and helpful speakers possible to be found are obtained, but for the last, the object seems to be, not to get some one or more who will instruct the audiences in methods of Christian work, as those who will teach the deeper spiritual truths of the Bible, leaving these truths to work out their own expression in manner and method, according to the condition and circumstances of the individual.

The large meetings are held in the auditorium, used last year for the first time. This room holds 2,500 people. It is filled to overflowing on the two Sabbaths of the great convention, and often people are seated on the grass outside, where they can hear perfectly well, as the windows are large and reach to the floor, and are thrown



Wide open at every service.

Mr. Moody selects the speaker for this convention, and indeed, for all, with the greatest care. For several years past Mr. Myer, the successor of Newman Hall in London, has been the principal speaker. Most Christian people have read he books, and know what a wealth of spiritual thought they contain, and all thought Mr. Moody could never get another man to quite reach the same spiritual plane.

This year we were equally edified and delighted. The Rev. Mr. Murray, a Scotchman, for thirty years a missionary in South Africa, and Prebendary Webb-Peploe, have proved equal to all that could be expected.

Mr. Murray has had a very successful Mr. Murray has had a very successful missionary experience of over thirty years, establishing in South Africa, at Capetown, a school for girls after the pattern of Mt. Holyoke. It has educated nearly all of the teachers in that region, and many of the daughters of the wealthy Boers, who must otherwise go from home to be educated. This mission is of the Dutch Reformed Church. Mr. Murray has written much, and his books are well known in the religious world.

# What is a Prebendary.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe of the established Church of England is from St. Paul's Church. His title set every one to hunting for a dictionary-learned divines and all A prebendary is one who receives his stipend for preaching. A canon is more of ve or fu

an executive or functional office. Webb-Peploe certainly deserves his title, for he is one of the most ready, exact, logical preachers that these conventions have ever had, and this is high praise, for the best of every denomination have been here.

These two men began their work together at the great Keswick convention in July, where have been held for twenty-one years in that beautiful rural English town conventions like this one at Northfield, and where there are over 5,000 persons in atterdance.

where there are over 5,000 persons in atter dance.

They came directly from that to this, Mr. Moody having a special train to bring them from New York to be at the first meeting here. They are the complement of each other, Webb-Peploe, a profound Bible scholar, giving perhaps more expository and practical truth and in a more popular manner, holding his audience for an hour in wrapt attention, Mr. Murray dealing with the deepest spiritual thought. You might almost think he belonged to the Mystics, only that he is comprehensible and helpful. These two men spoke every day, for ten days, and now Webb-Peploe speaks every morning in the church, con-

day, for ten days, and now Webb-Peploe speaks every morning in the church, continuing his wonderful expositions.

Besides these two men were woven in many other noted speakers. On missionary day, Dr. Arthur Parson in charge, there were twenty-three missionaries on the platform, of every denomination and from every part of the world. They were each given five minutes. How could not tell the given five minutes. How could one tell the experience of a lifetime in five minutes? If one had never had faith in missions before he would, after listening to the testimony

of that morning.

These conventions are not the places for rest or indulgence in your liking for short services. Mr. Moody seems never to sleep. At one of the meetings he said: "When I was going about this morning I saw a good many recoloring the said." many people walking at 6 o'clock, so I thought, if you would like, I will meet you and we will have a prayer meeting every morning at 6:30."

rorning at 6:30."

Let me give you one day. Mr. Moody's prayer service at 6:30, conference and prayer service at 9 o'clock, sermon by Webb-Peploe at 10, followed by a sesmon by Mr. Murray at 11. This makes a fairly full morning for a hot August day. In the afternoon, addresses at 3 o'clock, at 5, a question service on Round Top, at 7 a meeting on Round Top, which Mr. Moody usually addresses, and at 8 a service in the auditorium, with one or more speakers. The beauty of it all is you feel you cannot afford to miss a single service.

#### On Round Top.

Round Top deserves especial mention. It is what its name suggests—a beautifully founded hilltop, half way between "Grandma" Moody's house and the auditorium The view from it up the Conn river to the Green mountains beyond and of the moun-tains back of Northfield is superb.

tains back of Northfield is superb.

It has been used for prayer meetings for years. It is here that Mr. Moody wished to lay the body of Dr. A. G. Gudon, who had so often preached from it, and who had been such a benediction and blessing to all former conventions; and it is here that every one hopes Mr. Mocdy may be laid to rest when his work is done. To see a meeting on Round Top is worth a visit to Northfield.

The people sitting on the grass or stand-

meeting on Round Top is worth a visit to Northfield.

The people sitting on the grass or standing bereath the shade of the few trees on its side, and in the center Mr. Moody, with uncovered head, present a scene that lifts the soul at once to the blue-vaulted heavens above. When the benediction is pronounced the long line winds its way down the hill toward the auditorium.

The house in which Mr. Moody was born is still the family homestead. His mother, tailed by everybody Grandma Moody, is in thost excellent health, though past her ninetieth birthday. There is a little octagon addition to the house, which has windows upon all sides but one, for her especial sitting room. From it she can see Mr. Moody is house and all of the school buildings, including the auditorium, She enjoys seeing visitors who really call to see her and not from mere curiosity. She keeps a book and gets the autograph of each caller. The said recently: "I cannot be to the

meetings, as the crowd confuses me, but it is a case where the mountain comes to Ma-homet. I have all of the papers and am



Rev. Prebendary H. W. Webb-Peploe. I was about forty and had so much care

Ass., August 29, 1895.

HE GREAT CONferences of the year
1895 are over at
Northfield. They began with the young
men's conference on
June 29, followed by
the conference for
young ladies, and on
August 3, the conference of Christian
Workers. The latter
is the crowning occasion of the year. At
each the most pracpeakers possible to be
but for the last, the
not to get some one or
cruct the audiences in
n work, as those who
replication of the year on
the property of the last, the
not to get some one or
cruct the audiences in
n work, as those who
replication of the year on
the graphs of the year
as about forty and had so much care
with my children, my eyesight failed and I
were glasses; but I have my second sight
now." She has the same brown, full eye
as her illustrious son, and is at her extreme
age a very handsome woman. Her hair is
snowy white, but abundant, parted in the
middle of the forehead and brushed plainly
back. A white kerchief crossed on her
breast only makes a pretty setting to the
face, almost as smooth as a girl's. When
a visitor not long ago said to her, "I
should think you wculd be very proud of
your son," she replied, "Which one?"

The mother love would not let her put to
one side the other three boys, who stayed
by the plough and wrought their lives
in the work God gave them. Those sons
with two daughters were reared by her,
though a widow early in life. She probably
gave more of her own character to her son
Dwight than to any other of her children,
and one can easily see in looking at this
beautiful motherly woman where he got
bis grand physique and quick mind.

The Center of It All.

#### The Center of It All.

Of course, Mr. Moody is the mainspring of everything here. His wish is law. "What would Northfield be without Moody?" is frequently asked. One holds one's breath and says, "what will it be when he is gone?" Not a detail of these great conventions escape his eye. In his stable there is always a horse harnessed, stable there is always a horse harnessed, sometimes two or three, ready to send on special errands, and the horses he drives are as big in proportion as himself. They are strong enough for the work he gives them, but they, as well as every one about him, must work. He says he has no use for a boy at Mt. Hermon who can't sleep in a hayloft and eat soup with a two-tined fork

hayloft and eat soup with a two-tined fork if necessary.

To get ready for these gatherings is no small task. Fifteen hundred people must be accommodated in a town of a few hundred inhabitants. A hotel built for the accommodation of visitors cannot hold a third of those who come. The school rooms are all turned into dormitories and filled with cots. The household work is done by the pupils of the school, most of whom are glad of the summer's occupation, as they are usually poor. Nearly every one takes boarders during the convention, and the church wagon, which is an institution, by the way, goes back and forth during the conventions to take the people to and from the meetings. A charge of 5 cents is collected on week days, but nothing on Sundays.

days.

Mr. Moody is a strong Sabbatarian. During the four weeks' convention in Washington, two years ago, he never rode on Sunday. He walked to all services from his hotel to Convention Hall. On one of the Sundays a fearful bilzzard raged, but he walked all the same, much to the anxiety of his friends, who know from his physician that any unusual strain is dangerous.

gerous.

A little boy of six who had spent a sum A little boy of six who had spent a summer or two here was found playing with his horses and carts one Sunday after his return home. When he was expostulated with, he replied: "Why, mamma, I'm just playing 'church wagon,' you don't think I'd drive my horses for anything else, do you, after I've been to Northfield?" Children, as well as grown people, get the old the control of the summer of the set of the old set of the set of the old set dren, as well as grown people, get the old
"New England conscience" on many other
questions besides the one of Sabbath observance after hearing the soul-stirring
truths preached here.

# Students' Volunteer Movement.

Mr. Moody never tells of his work or him self, excepting to occasionally use an incident for an illustration of his subject; but if you are so fortunate as to linger after some of the smaller meetings with Mr. Sankey, he will tell you incidents and ex-periences that are most thrilling and

touching.

He told the writer of the first inception He told the writer of the first inception of the students' volunteer movement. He and Mr. Moody had been to a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association Lear Atlanta. They were on the traingoing home, when the president of the association said to Mr. Moody: "If I bring

sociation said to Mr. Moody: "If I bring five young men to Northfield will you teach them the Bible for ten days?"

Mr. Moody replied: "Yes. Bring fifty. I can teach fifty as well as five."

"When?"

"Next week," replied Mr. Moody.

The young man left the train at the next station. He wrote for young men to the different Young Men's Christian Associations and a large number came Withouttons. different Young Men's Christian Associations, and a large number came. Without any intention on the part of the leaders, the meetings took a missionary turn, and before they were over one hundred volunteers for missionary work had pledged themselves. This was taken up by Young Men's Christian Associations and in the various colleges, and thus what is now known as the students' volunteer movement was born.

ment was born.

It is now world-wide in its influence. Ever years every college that is in any sense



Round Top.

organized on a Christian basis has been enrolled. At these conventions the spir-tual uplift is wonderful. One has a new sense of the power of the truth in the Bible, and feels that it is simply the Word of God—a fact you had perhaps never fully taken in before and whose power is incal-culable when taken in its purity and sim-

The whole atmosphere of the place is dif-ferent from any other. A paper box with a slit in it is placed on a table at the depot, with a pile of sermons, and a sign, reading, "One for 15 cents, two for 25. Take one and put your money in the box beside it." Such faith in the honesty of man sannot be found outside of Northfield.

# The Generals and the Cats.

From the Westminster Budget. Mr. Edward Geflowski, the sculptor, tells a curious story in "The Home News" concerning some of our generals and cats. When in India recently, he stayed at the residency at Bangalore, with Sir James Gordon, when Sir Frederick Roberts paid him a visit, and he had confirmation of a remark once made to him by Lady George Hamilton. "It is a strange thing," she said.
"that the three greatest generals, Wellington, Napoleon and Roberts, never could be at home in a house where there was a cat."
The truth of this it. Sir Fredetick Roberts' case was seen in the fact that Sir James Gordon sent his cats—he had two or three-out of the house while Sir Frederick was bits guest.

# Humors of the Schoolroom.

From the Boston Transcript. Here are some sample questions and answers from a certain New England school: Teacher (after a lesson in physiology on the names and structure of the teeth)-

"Now, John, name the teeth.

John (hesitatingly)—"The teeth—the teeth

are the cupids, the bi-cupids and the
morals." Teacher—"What is the opposite of or

DO NOT WEAR IMPERICIABLE AND TIGHT-atting hate that constrict the blood vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

# SEPTEMBER HEAVENS

Brilliant Constellations and Where They May Be Found.

THE MOON'S TOTAL ECLIPSE

It Will Be Visible Throughout the United States on Tuesday.

ABOUT THE PLANETS



T 9 O'CLOCK TO-A morrow night we shall find directly overhead the Swan, better known as the Northern Cross. Lyre, marked by the

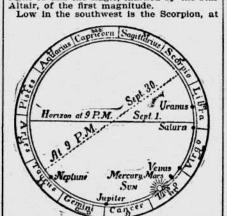
but interesting because astronomers believe that somewhere within its borders lies the "apex of the sun's way"-the point toward which the sun, with its large family of planets, comets and meteors, is moving in Near the horizon, between west and

on its west is the Lyre, marked by the bright star Vega. Still lower in the west, midway between the horizon and the zentth, is Hercules, not marked by any bright stars, as astronomers believe hin its borders lies the way"—the point toward this large family of meteors, is moving in a, between west and which, owing to the observations at present to obtain any certain tance, astronomers are as, perhaps, the most hin our imperfect cogmands it surpasses enorms Sirius, which is itter than the sun, and the constellation or the rorthern Crown, a nearture formed by five or the brightest, Alphacca, rown," is of the second are the Dolphin—a litters rather larger and the Plelades—and to the gle, marked by the star ragnitude.

Significant of those that had been connection similar to those that had been weetcling in the way"—and of unwholesome and objections similar to those that had been described for many years to prevent the dissemination of unwholesome and objections is miliar to those that had been weetcling in the second by any bright stars, and sedificus" publications after their appearance. It does not require that all writing should be licensed in order to be sure that no obscenty, blasphemous are this rashy, cheap "literature" of crime is not of a character to render those who publish it liable to punishment already, and if not, whether some practical steps cannot be taken to class it with the obscene, the blasphemous and the seditious. We are sorry to learn that Sir M. White Ridley is the metropolitan police courts act, and by the vagrant act, ample powers were given, which, if effectively used, would prevent the circulation of immoral literature which is only immoral and "quasi-criminal." "Under the clause juries were not to be trusted. This was bad enough, but Sir M. White Ridley is of thing, Sir M. White Ridley is for thing, Sir M. White Ridley is the sort of thing, Sir M. White Ridley is the sort of thing, Sir M. White Ridley is the sort of thing, Sir M. White Ridley is the sort of thing, Sir M. White Ridley northwest, is Arcturus, a star which rivals Vega in brilliancy and which, owing to the fact that the nicest observations at present possible have failed to obtain any certain indication of its distance, astronomers are coming to look upon as, perhaps, the most stupendous sun "within our imperfect cognizance." Unquestionably it surpasses enornously in bulk even Sirius, which is itself many times larger than the sun. Between Arcturus and the constellation

ly complete oval figure formed by five or six stars, of which the brightest, Alphacca, "the Pearl of the Crown," is of the second megnitude.
South of the Swan are the Dolphin—a little group of small stars rather larger and more diffuse than the Pleiades—and to the right of this the Eagle, marked by the star Altair of the first magnitude.

Hercules lies the Northern Crown, a near-



The Position of the Planets.

The Position of the Planets.

the center of which is the ruddy first magnitude star Antares, "the Scorpion's Heart."

Between the Scorpion and Hercules is Cphluchus, the Serpent Holder. The 'sead of Ophiuchus, marked by a star of the second magnitude, about three-fifths of the distance from Antares to Vega, is close beside that of Hercules, also marked by a star of the second magnitude, which, however, is variable in its brilliancy.

Fomalhaut, the principal star in the Southern Fish, may be seen in the southeast, a little higher than Antares:

In ridheavens in the east is the great Square of Pegasus, a large quadrangle of second-magnitude stars-a figure so striking that no one can fail to identify it. Three of these stars only belong to the old constellation Pegasus. That of the lower left-hand corner of the square marks the head of Andromeda. This star is the first in a line of four, of about the same brilliancy and at about the same distance apart, which curves downward toward the left. The first three in this line belong to Andromeda; the fourth, on the extreme left, belongs to Perseus, Above Perseus is the W-shaped constellation Cassiopeia, or "the Chair."

The Great Dipper will be found tomorrow night, right side up, between north

The Great Dipper will be found to The Great Dipper will be found tomorrow night, right side up, between north and northwest. The region between this and the star Vega is occupied by the Dragon. The tip of the Dragon's tail is directly above the "pointers" in the Dipper. From this point the constellation curves upward, first to the left, then to the right, then to the left, like a reversed letter S, and terminates in a head conspicuously marked by a trapezium of stars, of which two, "the flaming eyes," are of the second magnitude.

of which two, "the flaming eyes," are of
the second magnitude.

The Pole Star is found by running a
line through the "pointers" and continuing
it upward to a distance about equal to the
extreme length of the Dipper. It is at
the end of the handle of the Little Dipper
(Ursa Minor), the bowl of which is now
seen to the left of this star. The two
brighter stars in this bowl, corresponding
to the "pointers" in the Great Dipper, are
known as the Guardians of the Pole. Formerly they were nearer to the true pole merly they were nearer to the true pole of the heavens than now—or, more strictly speaking, the pole was nearer to them, for it is the pole, not the stars, that has shifted—and they seem to have served as a compass for the ancient Greek and Phoelisten ellows.

compass for the ancient Greek and Phoe-nician sailors.

The most striking feature of the heavens on a clear September evening is the Milky Way. At 9 o'clock at the beginning of the month it stretches in a direction from southwest to northeast, directly overhead. Photographs of sections of this region of southwest to northeast, directly overhead. Photographs of sections of this region of the night sky have become so generally accessible that the reader may be presumed to have a fairly good idea of its appearance when surveyed with a large telescope. But though the photograph may represent correctly the number of its stars and their various degrees of splendor, no one can get from any picture or from any description of the Milky Way the impression forced upon him by a survey of the object itself. To realize that every one of the tiny specks shown on the photographic plate is a star one must see it twinkle. And when, peering into this cloud of star dust, he reflects that even the minutest of these twinkling points of light may be and probably is a sun, shining so faintly as it does only because of its unthinkable remoteness, then and only then can he form some faint idea of what is meant by countless worlds and the immensity of the universe of suns.

The Lunar Eclipse.

# The Lunar Eclipse.

On Tuesday there will be a total eclipse of the moon, visible throughout the United States. Its several phases are timed as follows, eastern standard time: Moon enters Penumbra .... 3d. 9h. 48m. p.m. Moon enters Penumbra...d. 5n. 45m. p.m.
Moon enters shadow. 11h. 0m.p.m.
Total eclipse begins. 4d. 0h.6m. a.m.
Total eclipse ends. 1h. 47m. a.m.
Moon leaves shadow. 2h. 54m. a.m.
Moon leaves Penumbra. 4h. 6m. a.m.

The diagram of the eclipse given here may require a little explanation. The large

Lunar Eclipse.

circle represents a section of the earth's shadow, at the distance of the moon. It is shown broken to represent the fact that during the eclipse, owing to the earth's movement in its orbit, the shadow will be moving very slowly toward the east. The circle A represents the moon a few minutes after it has dipped into the shadow and when the first phase of the eclipse proper can be fairly made out. It will be seen that the shadow will make its first

# appearance at the upper left-hand (eastern) limb of the moon. At B the moon is seen wholly eclipsed near the center of the shadow, and at C it is just emerging from the shadow. The penumbral phases of an eclipse, although they are timed in the almanac, are not visible. The first visible phase is the contact with the shadow, which will occur on this occasion at precisely 11 o'clock. None of the planets is now in a position to be of interest to casual observers. Their positions tomorrow are shown in the annexed diagram. THE TALE OF A BURRO

BY LEN OWEN.

Written for The Evening Star. There is a burro for sale cheap out on the Conduit road. He is a much traveled ourro if that adds any value to him, and he has stirred up more strife in his three months' residence in Washington than a first term Congressman working for a record. He has established a lasting vendetta down on the most fashionable part of H street, he has broken the heart of one small white boy and the head of another small black one, and he has cost a wealthy and indulgent father more money than would keep a coach and a pair fo six months. This state of affairs is aggravated by the fact that his cash value on his native heath would be not over six bits. In fact, there are a lot of his blood relations wandering around on the hillsides of Colorado, where he came from who could be had for their catching, and

not very hard to catch at that. not very hard to catch at that.

"Cactus," that is his name, made an unobtrusive entry into Washington about three months ago, along with a car load of western ponies. There was not much call for the ponies in this part of the country, the horse market being very much down, and there was absolutely no call for Cactus. In fact it is a sort of problem how he came to get into that stock car anyway. Probably Cactus himself was the responsible party. Like as not he just obtruded himself, as he has a habit of doing, and got carried along for luck.

However that may be, Bishop found him

sorable of literature. But the censorable is not wanted. The law already under the law of the present of the pr

heart's desire of half a dozen children. Finally the eldest hopeful of Maj. Mosher, up on the Foxhall road, teased his father into buying him for \$25, said hopeful taking sole credit to himself in the transaction, as he nad carned 75 cents of the money picking huckleberries.

A hopeful of Judge Blackstone of the city helped the Mosher hopeful to have fun riding Cactus around the gravel walks. When the youthful Blackstone started back to his own house, he coveted Cactus greatly, and the judge, being a liberal-minded man whose wife had money, finally made a deal with the astute young Mosher, who loved Cactus, but loved money more, for \$75. Young Mosher kiesed Cactus at parting, and Cactus, in his affectionate way, took a large mouthful out of the rim of his straw hat as a parting remembrance. In his brief residence east, Cactus had abundantly proved his ability to eat anything. He had been raised on cactus and sage brush, and such esculents as straw hats or rough-dried clothes were luxuries. His career in the palatial stables of Judge Blackstone back of the family mansion near Lafayetts Square was meteoric in its brevity. At first he was given the liberty of the rear yard, but in the first afternoon he ate two beds of geraniums and a dozen expensive chrysanthemums that Mrs. Blackstone was rearing for the fall flower show. But worst of all, he spied some choice sprays of Microfella roses that were trailing over the low garden wall from the garden of old Mr. Goljscales, the millionaire horticulturist, who lived next door.

Cactus did not care particularly about the flavor of Microfella buds at \$1.50 aplece, but the thorns on them brought back to him memories of the prickly pears and Spanish bayonets of his native hillsides, and he ate all of them he could reach. That settled the relations of the Blackstone and Goldscales families. The entente cordiale was never restored, and the judge lost a \$1,500 fee in an equity case the next week in consequence. That did not bother Cactus a trifle, but he did decidedly mind bei ment; to be out of place is, on the whole, the fittest place for them. Of the whole number probably not one in twenty is experienced or instructed in her business, and but few are even willing to be taught to work efficiently.

Not fit to be received in any decent house, they can but make the houses that they enter even filthier than before, while taking pay to make these houses clean; and, doing little more than dusting, without method or efficiency, each year their incapacity appears to be increasing. Without manners and with little reverence even for themselves; untrained, and ignorant, and dirty; fashionably dressed in the most sordid style; untrustworthy and incompetent, they eventually become the punishment of those who so unfortunately marry them, and are a chief cause of the loose, spendthrift habits of our workingmen. These working people for the most part have no comfort in their homes; their meals are so ill-cooked and badly served that drink appears to be the only gustatory pleasure left for men; and thus the public house becomes the recognized relief and questionable solace of the working class.

charged with maintaining a nuisance, and the case was nolle prossed by Judge Kim-ball only on condition that the cause of grievance, namely, Cactus, should be re-

circle of acquaintances to be responsible for her future happiness?"

"Surely she must have known better fellows than he was," he urged; "richer and handsomer and more athletic. Why had she chosen him?"

"Oh, Harold, you mustn't be too modest," replied Ada, as she gently pushed back the hair from his forehead. "You have a great many traits which none of my other friends possess. You are so thoughtful of my welfare, so tender and considerate, so obedient to my slightest wish. I think it was those things which first won me to you, and I have never regretted it; for, Harold, you are simply an ideal lover."

"Oh, my darillig, you don't know how glad I am to hear you say so," he exciaimed, as he drew her to him and kissed her tenderly,

"Yes, dear, and some day you must let me meet her and thank her for making you what you are," continued Ada.

"Meet whom? My mother?" asked Harold.

"No, Harold, not your mother." she said. ball only on condition that the cause of grievance, namely, Cactus, should be removed.

The younger Blackstone wept, but his father turned Cactus over to the care of the under stableman, who had a small house and stable of his own down in South Washington, somewhere in the neighborhood of the James Creek canal. Two days thereafter Cactus was returned by the under stableman, with a bill for damages, which the judge perforce was obliged to settle. A neighbor's small boy had visited the under stableman's small boy when Cactus was instelled in his new quarters ard tried to find out how he was shod behind. Fortunately, he was not shod at all, or probably the small boy would have gone to the cemetery instead of to the hespital.

But that settled the city career of Cactus. Judge Blackstone returned him to Maj. Mosher's fer safe keeping, without even thinking to ask for a rebate on the original investment of \$75, and the second day he got back he finished a round of gastronomic revelry by eating the week's wash of the Mcsher family that had been left out on the Iline over night. As may be inferred, this precipitated complications. It likewise settled his residence with the Mosher family, and the major advised the judge to board Cactus with Bishop, from whom he was originally purchased.

Bishop undertook the responsibility, for a consideration, but now that he has wrestled with Cactus for a month, he says if the western gentleman with the greasy sombrero were in town he should certainly make arrangements with him to have Cactus shipped back west and turned loose on the state of Colorado. This he admits would be a trifle hard on Colorado, but he thinks the state ought to be responsible for its own products. However, the western gentleman is not here, and now Cactus is for set a consideration is not here, and now Cactus is for set a consideration.

old.
"No, Harold, not your mother," she said, sweetly; "I want to thank the girl who

old man-thank you; I

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Baking Powder

THE GRATEFUL RATTLER.

Intelligent Snake Repaid a Favor With Interest.

From the San Francisco Call.

Edgar B. Haymond, one of San Fran cisco's barristers, has been a close student of natural history, and has succeeded in gathering some very interesting information regarding the birds of the air, the beasts of the land, the fishes of the sea. Incidentally, he has been able to collect a few snake statistics. "I once knew a case," said Mr. Haymond to some ready listeners in the Occidental Hotel last night, "wherein a snake display-

to some ready listeners in the Occidental Hotel last night, "wherein a snake displayed not only an unusual amount of affection, but a great deal of courage. It appears that some years ago a professor of natural history from an eastern university was sent to the southern part of Yucatan to investigate the snakes of that section. I might state that he was a very humane man and frequently displayed it. One afternoon while walking over a desert, thinking of little but the time he would arrive at camp, he heard a peculiar ratiting sound that seemed to come from under a pile of rocks. He at once made an investigation and was rewarded by the discovery of a mastodon rattlesnake, which he was one the point of dispatching so as to put it out of its misery, as the rocks had so fallen that a portion of the snake's body was badly mangled and torn. In the matter of taking the reptile's life he hesitated, owing to the pathetic and pleading expression in the wounded creature's eyes. It quite unnerved him to commit murder, so he rolled the rocks off and awaited results, which came in the shape of very pronounced gratitude. The delighted and thankful creature wriggled over to him and rubbed his leg with a grateful air that was bound to last. The professor was moved by this exhibition, and, having some cotton in his valise, he bound up the wounded part and left the snake as comfortable as possible. The next day he left Yucatan for Guatemala and was gone over five years. On his return to Yucatan he again had occasion to pass over the desert, and, greatly to his surprise, encountered the same reptile a turn to Yucatan he again had occasion to pass over the desert, and, greatly to his surprise, encountered the same reptile a few miles from where the previous incident had occurred. The recognition was mutual and the joyful rattler coiled about his leg, licked his hand with a friendly tongue and showed marked and industrious appreciation. When the professor took up his march again the snake followed him and even insisted upon getting in the wagon and becoming a regular occupant."

"Look here, Edgar, ain't you going a little too far with that yarn?" inquired a friend.

ittle too far with that yarn?" inquired a friend.

"Not as far as the snake is going. To continue. He finally got back east and had for a traveling companion the snake, which was accorded special privileges in the shape of a glass case, from which he was allowed to wander at will. As a natural consequence the professor and his dumb companion became the best of chums, and it was a common thing to see the dumb companion became the best of chums, and it was a common thing to see the naturalist walking out in the road with his snake gliding along beside him. Well—now here comes the real point of the story—one night after the professor had retired and left the snake down stairs in the dining room, he was suddenly awakened by the crash of glass, followed by the falling of a heavy body. He rose up in his bed only to hear a groan and the crushing of only to hear a groan and the crushing of bones. In a flash he bounded into his dressing gown and repaired to the room whence came the sounds of strife. "Imagine his horror on striking a light to see his pet snake coiled around a man's bleeding body, which it had lashed to the stove and was hugging violently. On the floor were a burglar's dark lantern and a kit of tools, while the snake, in order to display its presence of mind, had his tail out of the window." "What for?" inquired a listener in breath-

ess excitement.
"Rattling for a policeman."

# Again the Old Proprietor.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. A young newspaper man working his way east from Denver tells me of some amusing incidents of his experience in a city which is one of Denver's rivals. The newspaper on which he worked was owned by an old fellow who had worked his way from poverty to proprietorship, and whose

proprietorship of a newspaper was acquired under a mortgage foreclosure.

As soon as the old man got hold of the property he began to look around to find out where he could save a few dollars in out where he could save a few dollars in the running expenses. Several weeks pass-ed before he ventured a suggestion. Said he: "Do you know that fellow in the little

he: "Do you know that fellow in the little room upstairs—the fellow who works with a pair of shears and a paste pot?"
"Why, yes; that is Tompkins, the exchange editor," said the manager.
"Tompkins? Yes, that's his name. Well, you want to keep your eye on him. In fact, if you take my advice you'll give him the grand bounce next pay day."
"Why? He is one of the best men on the force."

force."

"Don't you believe it. I have been watchin' him unbeknownst for days, and I give you my word 'n honor he don't do a blasted thing from sun to sun except sit there with his feet cocked up and read newspapers. Fire him! He is soldiering, an' you can bet on it."

With great difficulty the manager made the irate proprietor understand that it was

With great dimensity the manager made the irate proprietor understand that it was the business of the exchange editor to read newspapers, and that the more he read the better his work was likely to be.

# In the Library. .

From Peck's Sun. "What fool gave you a book on that card?" asked the library official. "Why, it was a mean looking fellow about-why, it was you."

about—why, it was you."

That is as bad as what happened to Horace Greeley one day.

He wrote a note to a friend, and when the boy delivered it the man looked at it and handed it back, saying, sotto voce, "I can't read the d—d fool's writing."

The boy took the note back to Greeley, who hastily opened it, and, not being able to read it, said:
"Here take this book and tell the dear the said."

"Here, take this back and tell the d—d fool I can't read his writing."
"That's what he said," remarked the boy.
"What!" aghast.

FRENCH LEGION OF HONOR.

Some of the People Who Wear Its Ribbons and Medals. Paris Cor. of the New York Post.

Before the revolution the monarchy had three orders of knighthood with which to reward merit. That of the Holy Ghost was exclusively for the nobility; that of St. Louis was for the officers of the army, and that of St. Michael for the bourgeoise, among which were counted all lawyers, physicians, artists and financiers. No mere writers ever received a decoration. All these class distinctions were leveled by the first republic, which substituted in their place the Arms of Honor. It was the time when every Frenchman might be called to serve in the war which the republic was waging against the rest of Europe. With

when every Frenchman might be called to serve in the war which the republic was waging against the rest of Europe. With the coming of Bonaparte, the new idea was firally organized according to his own plan of making France a nation of soldiers. He professedly irstituted the teachings of the one national university after such a manner that the young students should feel no shock from passing from the discipline of the college to the drill of the barracks. The Legion of Honor was to keep alive the fellowship of citizens and soldiers. "The Legion of Honor," he said, "is the type of equality. It is to be the reward of civil virtues as well as of military services. Soldiers who can neither read nor write will be proud to wear the same decorations as illustrious men of science; and the latter will attach so much the more price to this recompense of their labors because it will be the same as the reward of bravery." Lafayette, whose mind was a curious mixture of the old and the new, refused to be made a grand officer of the new order. "It is ridiculous," he said.

Napoleon, however, had been right in his estimate of the French love of exterior distinctions. At the end of the empire he had given 25,000 decorations of the Legion of Honor to the army, and only 1,400 to civil life. Not one professor of the university in Paris had been decorated, and only seven counselors of the imperial courts of justice. No writer had been admitted unless he was already one of the forty, members of the French Academy. All this was in accordance with the relative importance of the military element in the society of the day. The Bourbons, on their return, re-established the old exclusive orders, and deliberately cheapened the Legion of Honor by throwing its ribbons and crosses everywhere. King Louis Philippe, in his turn, suppressed the old crders; but, under pretext that all able-bodied Frenchmen had now some rank in the national guard, he manged to decorate with the Legion all the notable shopkeepers and business men of Paris. This was t

advent of peace and a settled republic soon changed all this. In fact, the ministers seem never to have enough decorations for their favorites at home and the admirers of France abroad. They have extended the "academic palms"—another ribbon decoration—beyond the university pale to lawyers who have written a pamphlet and ladies who keep a private insane asylum. Miss Betham Edwards, who has extolled the present national education in her descriptions of province after province, is one of these "officers." There is the Order of Agricultural Merit, which was lately bestowed on a captain of zouaves. Then there are any number of new medals and badges, colonial or otherwise commemorative. A first effect of these subordinate decorations has been to make the Legion of Honor aristocratic once again, though in a republican sense. It is especially useful for the universal expositions. Napoleon, when creating it, said: "This institution puts princes and drummers on an equality." This is still true, says Henry Houssaye, for "all the world nowadays has the Legion of Honor, except drummers—and princes."

# A Misplaced Kiss.

Two young men, who were neatly duped by a good-looking girl at Mineral Springs Park not long ago how. They were not acquainted with each other, nor with the young lady whose forement to them, but all three crowded to-gether on the front seat of a toboggan car, with the zirl in the middle. The principal feature of this slide is a darksome tunnel, where many cooling couples surreptitiously engage in osculation, and where the surengage in osculation, and where the sur-roundings are generally masculine arms. When this point was reached each young man resolved to kiss that girl. They did not time the operation correctly, however, and when the car emerged from the dark-ness the spectators sent up a mighty shout of laughter. The youths had been detected in the act of saluting each other, for the girl had divined their intentions and had leaned forward in the hope of producing just such a result.

# An English Joke.

From an Exchange.

Mrs. F. (petulantly)—"You never kiss me Mr. F.-"The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed! One would think you were a girl of eighteen."

Mrs. F. (sharply)—"What do you know about girls of eighteen?"
Mr. F. (with great presence of mind)— "Why, my dear, weren't you eighteen once yourself?" A Grand Opportunity.

From Truth. Mrs. Snapshot (bursting into her hus

band's snuggery)-"Oh, Henry, come quickl Mamma is having a terrible fit!" Mr. Snapshot (jumping with alacrity)—
"I'll be there in a minute! Where in thunder is my camera?"

